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Looking Forward.

(Alfred Norris, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

Oh, where exists the spirit world
Which we must some day surely see?
Oh, where abides the Paradise
In which no death can be?

That mystic, solemn, sacred world
Where every eye is free from tears;
And every hand is true and good—
No failings and no fears.

Will there be tranquil meadow trees,
Broad-bowering in their leafy calm?
And gentle winds that sleep through noon,
And wake for evening psalm?

Will there be sunshine on vast hills,
And rivers in the spreading vales,
And wealth of flowers, and dewy lanes,
Where flute the nightingales?

Will there be gardens whose sweet fruits
Ripen and redden all the day,
And homes where clustering roses cling
And do not fade away?

We know not. But the weary fight
Is over where that world shall be,
And changed the aching of the soul
To calm felicity.

Oh, Lord of life, our hands are full
Of Thy sweet gifts; we judge Thy love
To those who love Thee will be shown
In fairer forms above.

But what the sounds that we may hear,
Or what the sights that there may be,
Thou know'st, O Sovereign of the skies!
And we can wait to see.

'The Soul's Sincere Desire.'

The Mather farm was advertised to be sold at auction on June 18th. That was to be the last scene of the tragedy which in fifteen years had overtaken the family. From being the richest and proudest in the town, it had come, through misfortune, disgrace and death, to the dreaded auction block.

Eunice Mather, the one daughter of the house, had drained the cup of grief. She was a strong, silent woman, who for years had worked desperately in trying to save the remnant of good fortune and good name. She had the pride of her race, and the endurance.

Her favorite brother was known as an agnostic, and slowly and almost unconsciously Eunice had drifted toward his views. Her character lacked that gentleness which Christianity had given to her mother, and to the other women of her kindred who had resembled her in their stern virtue. It was ten years since she had been to church. The one tie that held her to the beliefs of her girlhood was the white-fenced plot at the top of the orchard which held her dead; and this, too, was to be sold by auction! The thought was intolerable.

Shut in her room that June day, the lonely woman cried out in her anguish, with one heartrending cry, 'O God!' Then she gathered herself together and walked, quiet and white, down the stairs to the front yard, where the auction was to be held.

As she stepped from the door a man advanced to her. She dimly recognized him as one of her father's friends from the neighboring city. In a few words he explained that he had had a fancy for buying the farm where he had had so many pleasant visits. Since he had arrived, however, he had heard that she wanted to stay on the place. By all means she ought if she wished. He would gladly lend her the money to buy it in, and the interest might wait her convenience. He had been prosperous, and the sum in question was not of consequence to him.

Eunice listened in bewilderment and ecstasy. She could stay! She might see the faces of the cattle and the calves, and hear the crowing of the cocks and the bleating of

Colored Blanks.

The attention of our subscribers is directed to the colored blanks enclosed in recent issues. These are not for renewals, but for genuine new subscriptions. We make this special trial rate because we believe that most of these new subscribers, after once becoming well acquainted with 'The Northern Messenger' in this way, will wish to continue it next year at the regular price. We would esteem it a favor if our subscribers would give or send these blanks to their friends, with a word as to how they like 'The Northern Messenger.' Kindly read special Year End Announcement on Page 12.

the sheep. The haying would be done just as for so many years. But, most wonderful of all, the sacred graves would be touched by no thoughtless foot—and she might some day find place among them.

As she stood in the June sunshine, almost breathless with the sudden relief, a thought flashed through her mind. In an instant it had become a conviction. For years she had not prayed. The anguish of the last hour had wrung from her unwilling lips one exclamation, 'O God!' It had not been a prayer. It had hardly been even an appeal. But God had answered—had answered the prayer she had not prayed! All her agnosticism dropped away from her as if it had never been. She was certain, as a child is certain of his father's gift. It could have come from no one else. There was a God, and He heard—even the unspoken whisper of the soul.

The next Sunday Eunice drove to the meeting-house, two miles away. Her name had not been dropped from the church roll, where it was placed in her girlhood. Yet nobody expected ever to see her at church again. But from that day her seat was never empty.

Months after the auction, when she had settled down to the hard toil of the farm,—for her self-appointed task was no light one,—she appeared one Saturday night at the lecture preparatory for the communion service. Just as the minister pronounced the benediction, she rose and said, 'Friends, I have something I wish to say to you. I have been a wanderer for years. I trust I have been forgiven. I want to testify here before you all that I believe that God is a prayer-hearing and a prayer-answering God.'

So out of one despairing, inarticulate cry a tossed and driven soul found peace.—'Youth's Companion.'

If a thing is right do it, whether you feel like it or not; feeling is not the test of right.

A Game of Chess.

Gunner Cordell was the biggest man in the battery, and the ringleader in most of the rowdyism which went on. The battery had just been moved to Fordham, and Miss Darrell, whose life was given up to the welfare of the soldiers, was anxious to get the men to come to the Soldiers' Home, to be influenced for good.

Many of the men would have been pleased to come if only to show their gratitude for her kindness to their wives and children on their arrival, but fear of Cordell kept them back. True, he had himself said they ought to go, but as for himself, he had no wife or child, so he had nothing to thank her for; he would never put his foot inside such a place. And without his lead, no man cared to be the first to go.

There were, however, many men who, being themselves sincere Christians, were anxious that the new comers should be led into the same path.

'I really believe that we might gain the whole battery if we could once get Cordell,' said Kirke one day. 'He is very proud of his chess-playing; could we not get him here to play a match with Sergeant Bateson, our champion? If he comes at all it will be in some such way.'

But time went on, and Cordell did not come near the Soldiers' Home. He did not even trouble himself to find out where it was, and so it came about that one day, mistaking it for an ordinary place of refreshment, he entered, bought a bun and a cup of coffee, and sat down to read.

Kirke could hardly believe his eyes when he saw him. He at once saw that his opportunity had come, and he casually remarked that a close game of chess was going on in the games room. Their champion, Sergeant Bateson, was playing.

'Chess! Do you play that here?' asked Cordell. 'I'd like to meet the man who can beat me in a hurry. I've got an hour to spare, and if your champion's inside I don't mind beating him. What's to pay? But I suppose that'll do afterwards. Lead on, chum.'

The sergeant said he would be delighted to play the gunner, and the two men sat down to the chess-board while the others crowded round them with joyful faces, hoping and praying that the sergeant might win, that Cordell might be led into paying a second visit. And so the game went on, and the gunner's face grew blacker and blacker with anger, for he saw that he was losing.

Miss Darrell came quietly into the room. Bateson was so intent upon the game that he did not hear her, and she made a sign to the others not to disturb him; so she stood and looked on.

Suddenly the sergeant called 'Checkmate,' and looked up. Then he was on his feet in a minute, giving the usual salute, but the gunner did not move. Miss Darrell came forward and spoke to him, told him she was glad to see him, and that he must hope for better luck next time.

But the only answer he gave was an insolent stare. Then, turning to the sergeant, he said, 'I'll play you till I do beat you. It's the first time I've been defeated, and I don't like it.'

'Perhaps you will come to-morrow night,' said Miss Darrell. 'We shall always be glad to see you.'

'I certainly shall come, if I choose,' was the reply. 'I reckon if we pay for a thing we can have it without an invitation.'

The men were furious. How dared he speak so?

'Gunner Cordell,' said Sergeant Bateson, 'I don't think you know who this lady is. When you do know, if you don't apologise for your conduct, you don't come inside this Soldiers' Home any more. This is Miss Darrell.'

The effect of his words was electrical. The gunner sprang to his feet, and saluted as if to his commanding officers.

'Comrades,' he said, 'I give you my word as a man I never knew until this moment that I had entered the Soldiers' Home. I have heard of Miss Darrell, and if you think I could willingly insult her you don't know me. Ask the chaps up there in the battery what we think of her. Why, she's been a friend to every wife and kid of all of them!

'Will you believe me, miss, that I would rather have cut off my right hand than insult the lady who has done so much for the battery? I'm downright mad with myself for my abominable behaviour in return for your kindness. I only wish I could show you I am in real earnest.'

'Gunner Cordell,' was the reply, 'I believe every word that you have said, and you can make me forget all about it by helping us with the singing at our meeting to-night. We want badly such a voice as you appear to have.'

That meeting was a turning point in the gunner's life. The earnest words that were spoken, and the memories of his childhood which the hymns called up, broke up the hard indifference to religion which he had allowed to grow upon him. He came again, and the other men of his battery came with him. In six months' time the tone of the battery was entirely changed, and men whose lives had been powerful for evil were led by the Holy Spirit's influence to use their powers in the cause of God.—From 'The Bible Punchers,' published by the Religious Tract Society.

Things we Shall Not Want.

'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'

I shall not want rest. 'He maketh me lie down in green pastures.'

I shall not want drink. 'He leadeth me beside the still waters.'

I shall not want forgiveness. 'He restoreth my soul.'

I shall not want guidance. 'He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.'

I shall not want companionship. 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou are with me.'

I shall not want comfort. 'Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

I shall not want food. 'Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.'

I shall not want joy. 'Thou hast anointed my head with oil.'

I shall not want anything. 'My cup runneth over.'

I shall want nothing in this life. 'Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.'

I shall not want anything in eternity. 'And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

And that is what David said he would find in the Good Shepherd. One day it occurred to me to see how this twenty-third Psalm was fulfilled in Christ. This is what I found in Christ's own words:

'I am the Good Shepherd.'

Thou shalt not want rest. 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

Thou shalt not want drink. 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.'

Thou shalt not want forgiveness. 'The Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins.'

Thou shalt not want guidance. 'I am the way the truth, and the life.'

Thou shalt not want companionship. 'Lo, I am with you all the days!'

Thou shalt not want comfort. 'The Father shall give you another Comforter.'

Thou shalt not want food. 'I am the bread of life; he that cometh to me shall not hunger.'

Thou shalt not want joy. 'That my joy may be in you and that your joy may be filled full.'

Thou shalt not want anything. 'If ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name he will give it to you.'

Thou shalt want nothing in this life. 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you.'

Thou shalt not want anything in eternity. 'I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also.'—Mrs. John R. Mott, in the 'Standard.'

Just Where Thou Art.

Just where thou art lift up thy voice,
And sing the song that stirs the heart;
Reach forth thy strong and eager hand,
To lift, to save, just where thou art;
Just where thou standest light thy lamp,
'Tis dark to others as to thee;
Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns,
Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

Out yonder, in the broad, full glare
Of many lamps thine own might pale;
And thy sweet song amid the road
Of many voices slowly fail;
While these thy kindred wandered on
Uncheered, unlighted to the end.
Near to thy hand thy mission lies,
Wherever sad hearts need a friend.

—Selected

I believe the heathen world can be converted to the religion of Jesus Christ in one generation if the church will rear a generation of missionaries. And I believe the Sunday-school is the recruiting-station and the drill-ground of this aggressive force of the twentieth century.—John R. Pepper.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

By special arrangement with the Publishers, The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Cecilia looked up proudly. 'I never told nobody but you, and I wouldn't let no one else say it. And if I have a Saint's name, then the Saint herself knows I only tell the truth.'

'You do that, little Saint Cecilia, you do that! And, it's a good girl you are!'

Praise from Jim was praise indeed! Cecilia tried to keep from looking too proud, and in the effort, something crept up into her throat, and almost choked her; then something got into her eyes and made two great tears roll down her thin cheeks. No one had ever called her good before. She put out her rough, red little hand, and touched his shabby sleeve. 'I try awful hard to be good, Jim! Honest, I do! I want to be just as good as you!'

'As me!' The strange something seemed to have crept into Jim's throat too! 'I'm hopin' you'll be lots better than that! And you will, for you'll be a woman!'

'I don't want to be a woman! I want to be a man!' The Saint, having gathered from her surroundings the fact that a man's life meant the chance to go into the world and work, and the woman's chance to work and fret and scold and save, felt no craving for a woman's career!

Jim's old cheery laugh rang out! And then he said simply, 'Could you be takin' care of Puddin', if you turn out a man?'

Suddenly, in the light of this question, the enticing attraction of a man's career faded. At all hazards, she must take care of Puddin'! So she saved fate the deciding of her future when she said, 'I won't be a man, Jim, I'll be a woman!'

The thought of being a woman and thus taking care of Puddin', kept her heart from being too heavy, all the rest of the day, while she tidied up the rooms. True, there were only two sticks of wood left to burn, and she shivered and drew the little shawl tightly across her shoulders; she was hungry and the half loaf of bread must be kept for supper. But Puddin' was warm and fed and taken care of, so she drowned the voices of hunger and cold by singing loudly, and the little cripple on the floor below hobbled to the door that he might hear the rich full tones of 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem! Hark, how the angels sing!'

So she sang until she heard her mother come stumbling up the stairs, and held her breath, and felt thankful that Puddin' wasn't there to feel any of the probable blows; but her mother was too drunk to even strike, and paid no attention to Cecilia at all, only drank stupidly what was left in the bottle, and fell across the bed in the corner.

Then the Saint, clasping her hands until the nails dug into her calloused palms, sank down on her knees by the bed, and sobbed out a prayer. 'Oh, God, I'll be a woman and take care of Puddin', but don't make me a woman like that!'

CHAPTER IX.

THE COMING OF DEATH.

The next morning, Cecilia found it impossible to wake her mother, and get her to go to work; she only grunted out a half inarticulate moan that she was sick. The Saint knew what it meant, so she ate a bit of the remaining bread, and went downstairs, and found in the courtyard the men and women going to work.

'Good morning, Saint Celie!' Mrs. Flynn, going forth to a day's washing had stopped to shout back at the little Flynns a parting instruction. 'And is your mother gone to work?'

'Not yet,' answered Cecilia briefly.

'I seen her a-comin' in last night,' commented Mrs. Flynn, considerately giving forth the fact that she knew the probable state of affairs.

'Did you now?' The Saint drew her lips tightly. 'That shows you ain't blind!' Then she turned her back and crossed to Jim's, but met him on the threshold.

'Ye goin' out, Jim?' Cecilia saw that the usual gleam in the stove was missing, and that Jim had on his good coat.

'I'm going to work, Cecilia.' Jim did not tell her that he had had no breakfast, because his last nickel had gone for bread the day before.

'I didn't know ye had a place to work, Jim!' Into Cecilia's tones crept some of her disappointment that the cheery little shop would be closed, that she couldn't run in and forget her headache.

Jim had the pride of a good workman. 'I can always be gettin' a place—where I am going on the Avenue I could always be workin'.' He noted Cecilia's wistful look around the shop. 'Do you be comin' in tonight when I'm home, I'll be havin' a fire goin' then, I'm thinking!'

Cecilia tried all morning not to think of evening, and the fire that Jim would have in the shop. It was so damp and cold! Too cold to linger around the pump, and up in her own room, her mother lay in a drunken stupor, and might any moment awake, and in anger at her own shortcoming, make Cecilia the scapegoat. So she sat down in the hallway, and folded her arms tightly, warming her fingers by the warmth of her body. Mickey Daley, wandering aimlessly by, found her sitting there, and sat down beside her.

'Aain't you in school?' inquired Cecilia cordially.

Mickey ignored the obvious fact that the question was unnecessary, and answered, 'Naw! What's the use?'

'Mickey Daley!' The Saint's tones were very earnest. 'Ain't you ashamed to be talkin so? It's a fine man ye'll be makin' if you don't know anything!'

Mickey brought forth his most imposing argument. 'My dad he didn't go to school much of any, and ain't he a man?'

'Say, Mickey, when you're grown up, do you want to be livin' here in Flanery Court, and be starvin' and freezin' half the time? Or would you rather be livin' in one of them houeses way up, where they got lace curtains in the winders, where they eat ice cream when they get up in the morning, and go ridin' in a carriage, and wear kid gloves?' The Saint's imagination could picture no more alluring future.

'Bet your life!' responded Mickey promptly.

'Then you'd better be goin' to school, and learnin' all you can crowd in, then you'll be gettin' there!'

'Ah, go on!' said Mickey doubtfully.

'You will, Mickey; Jim said so!'

Mickey meditatively blew into his hands to warm them, and thought it over briefly. Then he announced decidedly, 'I'm goin' to school, this afternoon.'

'You do that!' responded Cecilia encouragingly.

She watched him as he went across the Court, oblivious to the fact that his toes were peeping out through his shoes, and that his unkempt hair was sticking through the crown of his hat. He even whistled gaily, and the Saints face brightened as she listened; she pursed up her own lips and tried to join in the chorus of 'Yankee Doodle' as she turned to go up-stairs. She half hoped that her mother was still asleep, and was relieved when she opened the door to see her still upon the bed as when she left. She picked up the broom, and swept away some imaginery crumbs about the stove, and wished that she had covered over the bits of bread that it might not tempt her. Something in the very silence of the room impressed her, and listening, she missed the heavy breathing that usually marked her mother's drunken sleep. She stepped lightly to the bedside, and still heard nothing, and bending over, she saw her mother's eyes wide open and staring vacantly. Something in the face startled her.

'Ma, are you awake?' she whispered. Then she touched her shoulder.

'Ma, answer me! Are you awake? Are you sick? Tell me!'

Not even an eyelash quivered over the wide eyes of the sleeper.

The Saint stood fascinated, feeling herself stiffen out with dread, and she would have fallen had she not clutched at the footboard; then pulling herself together with an effort, she drew the coverlet up around her mother's shoulders and stepped softly to the door. There she hesitated a moment, and went back to the mantel, taking from it the empty bottle; with a half fearful glance at the bed, she lifted up the lid of the cold stove, and put the bottle in. Then she went down-stairs and across the Court to Daley's; she remembered that Mrs. Daley had spoken kindly to her, and instinctively she sought her out.

Mrs. Daley was bending over a tub of clothes but wiped her hands as Cecilia entered, and prepared for a chat—then noticed the tense look on the child's face, asked, 'What ails you, child?'

'My mother—I think she's sick. Will you come up?' Even to herself the Saint's voice sounded strained and frightened.

'How was she took?' Even while she asked the question, Mrs. Daley was letting down her tucked-up skirt.

'She wasn't took.' Cecilia never took her startled eyes off of Mrs. Daley's face. 'She ain't got up yet—I just found her.'

Mrs. Daley shut her lips tightly, and started out, sending the listening Mickey after a neighbor. It seemed to her she would never reach the top of the stairs, and when she did, it took but a moment to reach the bedside. She gently passed her hand across Mrs. Sweeney's forehead, and then bent her head until it rested on the bosom of the sleeper; when she lifted her head, her eyes were clouded with a sudden mist of tears. Very tenderly she touched the uplifted lids and with a gentle pressure closed them over the staring eyes, and murmured softly, 'You poor thing! You wasn't ready!—God forgive me for saying it, and take care of you!'

The Saint's thin pinched face seemed even whiter than usual, and her great eyes as deep as those of her mother's, as she put her hand on Mrs. Daley's arm, and asked in an awe-struck whisper, 'Is she dead?'

For a moment there came no answer, then, with a great burst of tenderness as she thought of the little ones at home, Mrs. Daley put her arms, still moist with the suds, around the Saint, and held the rough red head to her bosom as she said, 'Don't you be grievin', darlin'!'

Awed as much by the caress, perhaps, the first one she could remember, as by the presence of death, Cecilia shrank back into the corner by the window, sitting on the soap box that did service as a chair. Her great eyes watched every movement of Mrs. Daley's and the two or three neighbors who had been gathered by Mickey. She saw how gently they straightened the limbs of the sleeper, and how they brushed back the hair from her face; for once, she felt utterly powerless to put forth her hand and help. She felt her cheeks flush hot, although she knew not why, when one of the neighbors brought in a fresh white nightgown and slipped it on the still form on the bed; then another came in with two candles, and, shoving the table around so

that it stood at the foot of the bed, placed the bottles holding the candles upon it, and lit them. The Saint found herself admiring the soft clear candle-light, and the women who knew so surely what to do when death came; when she had watched by Puddin' she had stood terrified at the idea of his dying—but she had never thought what she would do if he had. Suddenly, like a great wave of gratitude came the thought that she was glad it wasn't Puddin' who was dead; this was bad—that would have been infinitely worse.

It was so cold! She softly rose, and on tiptoes reached for her little shawl and put it about her shoulders.

'Is your stove cold?' inquired Mrs. Daley, just as if she hadn't known it all the while.

'Yes,' answered the Saint simply. 'She was asleep so I didn't light the fire this morning.'

'"Tis right ye were!' Mrs. O'Reilly, who lived on the floor below, tried hard not to see the empty box behind the stove. 'I have below a bit more wood than I can be usin' this day, and it clutters up the room, so I think I'll be bringin' it up here to burn,' with which kind but illogical statement, she hurried out, and in a few moments was back with an armful of wood.

'I'll be lightin' it when you all are gone—it makes it so hot.' The Saint thought of the bottle she had placed in the stove, and had risen, startled, as if to shield it from other eyes.

'Sure and I'll be lightin' it! Don't I be lightin' 'em all the time!' Mrs. O'Reilly had half lifted a lid, when Cecilia caught her arm.

'Oh, don't! Don't!' Half ashamed to seem ungrateful of Mrs O'Reilly's kindness, afraid she had seen what lay below the lid, hungry and chilled, Cecilia gave way, and leaning over across the cold little stove, she sobbed until it seemed as if her sobs must waken the silent sleeper in her room.

'Child,' Mrs. O'Reilly's voice seemed far too tender to belong to the buxom, loud-toned Mrs. O'Reilly, 'don't be grievin' so! Don't you know that heaven is a better place than here, where half of us are cold or hungry? Let me be lightin' the fire, so a body can be comin' in comfortable like. Sure, I mean it for your own good.'

The Saint lifted her head with a half appealing gesture—'You're all awful good to me—but don't you be lightin' the fire, I ain't cold, and she ——' pointing towards the bed, 'ain't neither.' And with a feeling of helplessness before the awful thing they called death, her sobs broke out afresh.

And so they placed the wood in the box and left the child in the cold, dark, cheerless room,—but not alone! Oh, the tenderness of those whom poverty of purse has made the richer in love and sympathy! Whose ears are keen to hear the first note of sorrow! Who find time in their days so filled with the anxious toil for bread to lend to the more needy a succouring hand! All the long day, one by one, they kept vigil with the child beside the silent but awesome presence. On the table stood the bits of food they have taken from their own little ones that this child should not bear with her burden of trouble the burden of hunger too. Now and then, warmed by the food, Cecilia's head slipped down upon the window-sill, and she would sleep for a few moments; then, as if awakened by the silence, her big eyes would fasten again on the rigid figure outlined beneath the sheet on the bed.

It was long after dark when Jim came in; Mickey Daley had watched for him that he might have the supreme pleasure of being the first to bear the tidings, and Jim had come right up. The Saint's eyes lighted, as he came in, and she half rose to meet him, but fell back again with utter weariness.

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Teddy's Visitor.

A light hand tapped on Teddy's door:
'Is there a boy lives here
Whose heart is brave, whose will is strong,
Whose wits are quick and clear?
Whose word is always squarely kept,
Who doesn't try to shirk,
But who, in school and out of it,
Is faithful at his work?'

Then lazy Teddy looked ashamed.
'Why, who are you?' he cried.
'My name is Opportunity,'
A cheery voice replied.
'I want a boy who can receive
And use the gifts I bear;
But since this isn't where he lives,
I'll hunt for him elsewhere.'

'Oh, wait!' begged Teddy. 'I've always meant
To be that boy you seek.
And by next year, or p'raps next month—
Wait! Wait! I mean next week!
I'll be quite ready; please don't go!'
Alas! the sprite had fled,
And never once has come again
To call on Master Ted.

—'Sunday School 'Messenger.'

The Little Blackberry Girl.

'Blackberries! Blackberries! Blackberries!'

We had been sitting in the patent swing under the big maple trees in our yard a long time, trying to get cool that hot summer day, Mary Fisher and I, when we heard the shrill cry.

'Who's that?' said Mary, looking toward the dusty highway, down which was trudging a little girl in a faded calico dress, pink sunbonnet, and with bare feet.

'That's the little blackberry girl,' I said. 'She comes round every year selling berries of all kinds. She's the queerest thing you ever saw—just like a little woman. If mother was home, I suppose she'd buy some.'

'Where does she live?' asked Mary.

'I don't know,' I made answer carelessly, for I was not a bit interested, and didn't want Mary to be. 'I never asked her. I don't even know her name. She just comes and goes, and everybody calls her the little blackberry girl. Don't look at her, or she'll want you to buy.'

'Well, why not?' asked Mary. 'I have some money. I'd just as lief get some as not. I love blackberries. Call her in, Sadie. I want to talk to her. And she looks so tired and hot. If we're uncomfortable, what must she be?'

I didn't like it, not one little bit, but there was nothing else to do, for Mary Fisher was my visitor, and a visitor that I prized very highly, so I did as she requested. I called to the little blackberry girl and told her to come in.

'Did you want some berries?' she asked, smiling all over her face. Even her eyes smiled. I had never noticed it before. I had thought her very plain, but she really did look very pretty, indeed.

'I want some,' said Mary. 'I dearly love them, and these are so very nice. Where do you get them?'

'On the side of the mountain, miss. There's a sight of 'em grows there.'

'And these must have been picked this morning,' said Mary. 'They look so nice and fresh.'

'They were, miss. I was up before four to get at the berries.'

'Before four! I don't see how you can do it. Where do you live?'

'Down near the old stone mill. It's quite a little step up the mountain, but I like the walk in the early morning. Everything seems so happy and bright, and the air is full of the singing of birds. I love to go after berries.'

'I shouldn't think you would,' I said. 'Just see how the briers scratch up your hands and feet.'

Oh, that's nothing at all,' she said, cheerfully. 'I never feel the scratches, and they're gone in a day or two. I just think how many nickels and dimes I am going to get for them. That pays for all the scratches.'

'Don't you wish sometimes,' Mary said, 'that you were rich and could live in a fine house like this, and wear nice clothes and do just as you please?'

'No, I don't think so,' was the laughing reply. 'You see, I was made to work hard, and I shouldn't know what to do with myself if I couldn't, and mother says labor is one of the greatest blessings in the world.'

'Wait a minute,' I said, as she rose to go. 'I know mamma would buy your berries if she were here, so I'll take them.' And feeling very generous, I made her empty her basket, and while I went to put them away, I had Mary bring her out some cake and iced lemonade.

'I'll tell mother I've been to a party,' she said, as she gaily trudged home. 'And it is fine that I sold all my berries so soon. Now I can go straight home and help her iron.' And away she went briskly down the road.

Mary and I looked at each other shamefacedly. We had done nothing but grumble all day about the heat and the dullness and everything, and here was this little girl actually jolly over having to work.

'Sadie,' said she at last, 'let's get to work at something. I am just ashamed of myself. What ails us is perfect idleness. I've learned a lesson from the little blackberry girl. The idea of her being contented with her life and our grumbling at ours!'—'Baptist Boys and Girls.'

Is Your Church Lawn Very Nice?

Some of our boys and girls have been asking, 'What can we do for the church? We attend regularly both church and Sunday school, and give our pennies. Is there anything else which we should do? An inquiry like this should not go unanswered, especially when we have such a splendid plan to propose.

There is a work which belongs distinctively to the young people and to the boys and girls. This work, or pleasure, it might rightly be called, is to make the church surroundings beautiful, and now is a good time for such work to be done.

Suggest to your pastor that he have a social to which all the boys and girls and young people of the church are invited. Let the social be called at the parsonage or at some home near the church and have enough older people present to keep everybody happy and also to provide some light refreshment.

In the midst of this social let someone who is noted in the community for his or her love of flowers and shrubs and climbing vines broach the subject and outline what can be done to improve the appearance of the church lawn.

A good bed of grass all about the church is the first essential. If the soil is poor then see what can be done in getting some good dirt and fertilizer hauled where needed and have the lawn graded carefully. If the fence is in bad condition this should be either repaired and painted or a new fence put up in order to protect the lawn when it is properly planted.

The cost of planting the lawn and fixing it up should not be large, especially when the right leader is chosen and all the work is done without charge by the young people and the boys and girls. It is wonderful what can be done with a few flower seeds and vines and shrubs, with a tree set out here and there. If the lawn is large why not allow different classes in the Sunday school to plant each a tree, or shrub, or climbing vine or have some spot to fill with flowers. The unsightly horse-sheds, and driveways, and steps, how all of these might be made beautiful with a little thought and care.

A pastor in Maine who has been observing along this line writes thus in the 'Congregationalist' of Boston:

'One who has seen as I did what can be accomplished in the culture of sweet peas along the sides of the church will not soon forget the sight. They blossomed far into September, protected nightly, through the ministers' loving care, from the frosts of an Aroostook autumn. They glorified the little wooden church. Their welcome en-

hanced the spiritual anticipation of the worshipper.

'Another church with which I am acquainted has made a beginning in this work. Close to its brick walls a long, narrow bed of nasturtiums was planted. One year poppies and marigolds were added. Waving ferns lurked in shady corners. Last autumn many bulbs were planted. Hyacinths, daffodils, tulips will thus arise in apostolic succession and witness to God's loving power.

'Because the northern latitude of this church precluded the use of English ivy for its walls, woodbine has been cultivated with success. Three years have sufficed to carry this vigorous climber halfway up the tower. One cannot tell which is the more lovely, its glistening green in June or its October scarlet.'

The transformation this pastor has seen wrought in Maine might be duplicated anywhere in the United States. Some church lawns will require more effort and some less, but when even the worst lawn is once put in good condition the large outlay of effort will not need to be soon repeated.

The best and greatest good of all this is not in the material, but in the spiritual, results, for who that has lifted his hand to do anything for the church, young or old, has not been drawn nearer to its inner life. In such a simple way as this can often be learned the deeper meaning of the true beauty of character, mutual helpfulness to one another and love to God, the Father of us all. How many of the sick or invalids or those in prison or in trouble might not be cheered, comforted and directed to thoughts of God, through offerings of flowers from the Church lawn.—'Ram's Horn.'

Vegetable Wrongs.

Digging the eyes out of potatoes.
Pulling the ears of corn.
Cutting the hearts out of trees.
Eating the heads of cabbage.
Pulling the beards out of rye.
Spilling the blood of beets.
Breaking the necks of squashes.
Skinning apples. Knifing peaches.
Squeezing lemons. Quartering oranges.
Threshing wheat. Plugging water-melons.
Felling trees and piercing the bark.
Scalding celery. Slashing maples.
Crushing and jamming currants.
Mutilating hedges. Stripping bananas.
Burning pine knots. Burying roots alive.—Selected.

A Wonderful Gift.

'Sum up what thou hast done for God
And then what God has done for thee.'—Faber.

'Sum up what thou hast done for God.' That is not hard, but, oh, what an impossible task to count up what God has done for us. Every day, every moment, we enjoy God's blessings. The necessary blessings to support life are great, but when we think of the many things that so many of us are surrounded by that seem for no other purpose but to give us pleasure, it makes us wonder, 'Why did God do all this?' Why did God make the sun set so glorious? Why do the clouds show their silver linings? Why do the birds twitter, and sing so sweetly? Why did He make the flowers so beautiful? We know that God did it all for all good things come from Him. But why did God do all this? We could live, and do our work without all these, but we certainly would not be so happy. These things give us great pleasure, but the greatest gift of all is the knowledge they give us of the kindness of God.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is July, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Among the Roses.

A rosebud showed its modest head
Where blooming sisters, early blown,
Around yon lonely cottage shed
A scented sweetness all their own;
While no one seemed to know or care
If June had dropped a floweret there.

Yet, morn and eve it sipped the dew,
And, fostered by the kindly sun,
Its heart unclosed, it breathed and grew,
As others faded one by one;
And long it lingered on the wall,
The sweetest, fairest flower of all.

Thus maybe 'mid unfolding schemes
Of saintly service, far and near,
Some modest child may nurse his dreams,
Untold, save in a mother's ear,
Until, with eager heart and hand
He longs to reach some heathen land.

And when, in manhood's ripening days,
He falls exhausted or returns;
His memory fragrant with the grace
That marked a Brainerd or a Burns;
Ah! who can tell what eyes may swim
That first beheld the Cross through him?

And what if God hath willed it so
That, like a floweret smit by frost,
Some brave young hearts that long to go
Should find their darling purpose crossed,
It yet remains for those who stay
To bless the nations far away.

And oh! if every plant of grace
Blest with the sunshine and the shower,
To beautify some desert place
Would blossom into fragrant flower;
Each land would prove a golden shore,
And earth be paradise once more.
—M. Maxwell, in 'Daybreak.'

Every Day is Celebrated as Sunday.

Few people know that other days of the week than the first are being observed as Sunday by some nation or other. The Greeks observe Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday and the Christians Sunday. Thus a perpetual Sabbath is being celebrated on earth. —Selected.

Protecting His Rights.

'What was I laughing at?' said Uncle Silas, repeating the boys' question, as they gathered around the chair where he was resting under the shadow of the maples.

'Why, I was watching what went on in the next yard there, and laughing at a picture of human nature.

'You see, the women folks are cleaning house, and they've moved a lot of things out on the porch,—chairs, pictures, and such like,—and they've put one big looking-glass, where it leaned against the porch-railing, glass side this way.

'I dont know how their chickens came to be out, for they don't generally have the freedom of the yard; but, anyway, they were out, and that old red rooster was marching along as lofty as you please, when just as he got opposite the porch, he stretched up his neck to crow, and saw another red rooster crowing back at him from the looking-glass. This was too much to bear! He would not allow any trespassing on his grounds, and he flew up and struck his head such a blow against the glass that it knocked him flat.

'He seemed to think at first that the other fellow had had the best of it, and he picked himself up and looked around rather cautiously. But there was no other rooster in sight, none on the ground nor under the porch, and, after jerking his head this way and that, he seemed to think he had really driven off the enemy. So he ruffled his feathers, stretched his neck again, and began to crow over his victor, till all at once he spied the other rooster, and it was crowing, too.

''Twas funny to watch him, and I can't tell you how many times he tried it. I believe he'd have been at it yet if some of the folks in the house hadn't seen him, and moved the glass for fear he'd break it.

''Twas only a rooster's foolishness, of course,' said the old man; 'but it made me think of human beings that are always watching out for what they call their rights.'—'Our Young People.'

A Good-Manners Code for Boys

Keep step with any one you walk with. Hat lifted in saying 'Good-by' or 'How do you do?'

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a car, or acknowledging a favor.

Always precede a lady upstairs, and ask whether you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

Let a lady pass first always, unless she asks you to precede her.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

In the parlor, stand still till every lady in the room is seated, also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated, and stand till she takes a seat.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door, and when you step into a private hall or office.

Never play with a knife, fork, or spoon at the table.

Use your handkerchief unobtrusively always.

In the dining-room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Rise when the ladies leave the room, and stand till they are out.

Do not look toward a bedroom door when passing. Always knock at any private room door.

Special rules for the mouth are that all noise in eating and smacking of the lips should be avoided.

A Quarrel.

There's a knowing little proverb
From the sunny land of Spain.
Lock it up within your heart,
Neither lose nor lend it—
'Two it takes to make a quarrel,
One can always end it.'

His Precious Blood.

Should you take a little camel's hair brush and dip it into red ink and pass it lightly over every text in the Bible which refers to 'the blood,' either in the Old or New Testaments, and then pass it over all the promises and expectations of God's people which are based upon the covenant of redemption, you would be amazed to find how red your Bible would look, from Genesis to Revelation.

Then, should you take a sharp knife and cut out of your Bible all those crimsoned passages and hold it up before your eyes, you would be amazed to find what a ragged and fragmentary Bible you had left. There would be no word of peace or grace to a sinner in it; no promise of forgiveness, no justification, no regeneration, no sanctification, no purging of the conscience, no hope of heaven, no song of redemption, no immortality. — 'Christian Age.'

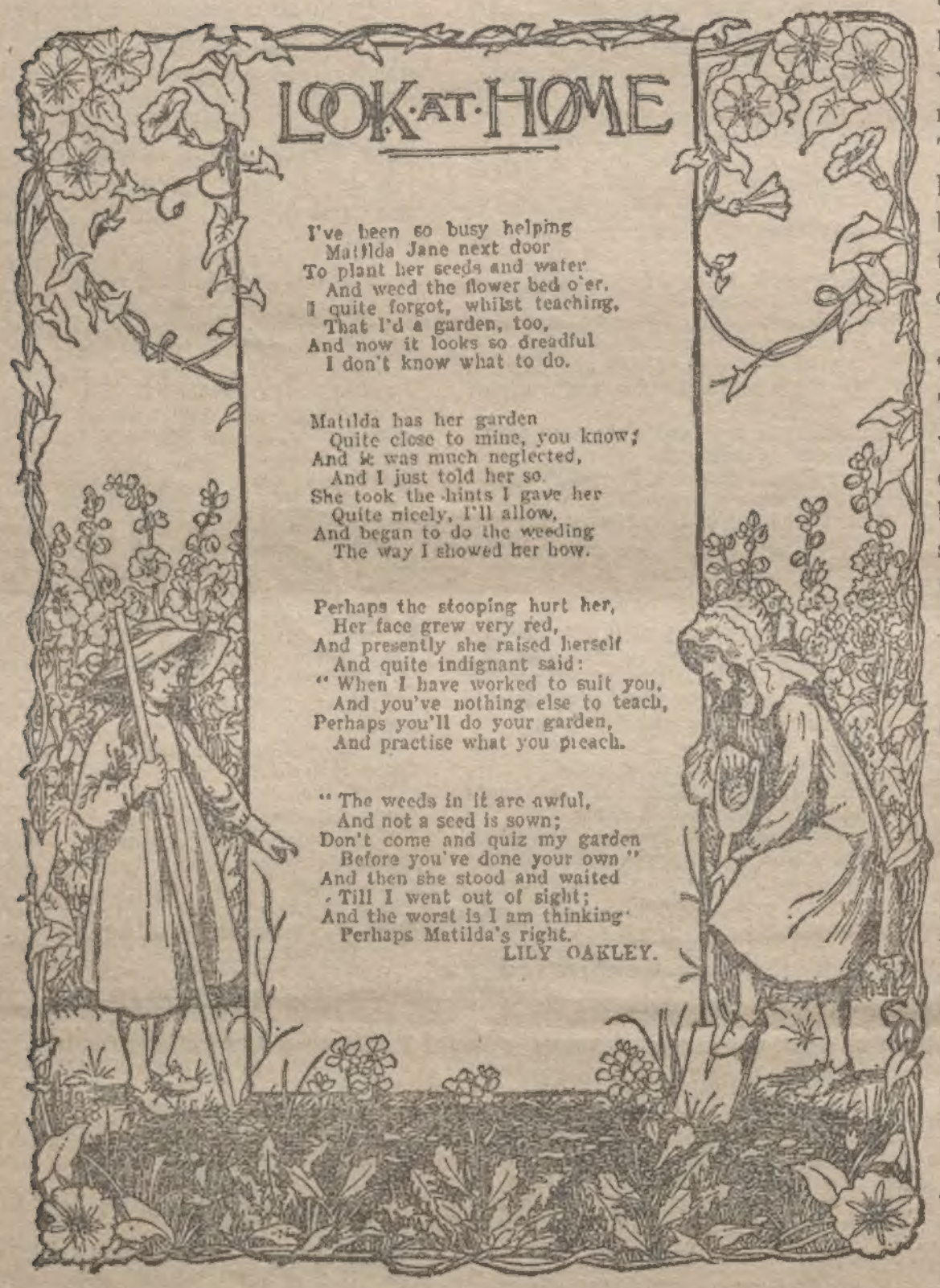
Marion Lawrence gives us this formula for Sunday school teachers which he says he has from an English friend. It would be a splendid thing by which to prepare our lessons:

Our Tool Chest.

We can serve God acceptably in any sphere; every calling may be made a divine vocation. The great mistake of many is that they feel they must leave the carpenter's plane, give up the trowel, and enter some learned profession. God says: 'What's that in your hand?' In Moses's hand was the shepherd's crook, in Solomon's the scepter, in David's the sling or the harp, and in Dorcas's the needle. The Bible is God's tool chest. It is one of these patent tool-chests which contains every kind of tool. The word of God is adapted to every purpose.—Arthur T. Pierson.

LITTLE FOLKS

LOOK AT HOME



I've been so busy helping
Matilda Jane next door
To plant her seeds and water
And weed the flower bed o'er.
I quite forgot, whilst teaching,
That I'd a garden, too,
And now it looks so dreadful
I don't know what to do.

Matilda has her garden
Quite close to mine, you know;
And it was much neglected,
And I just told her so.
She took the hints I gave her
Quite nicely, I'll allow,
And began to do the weeding
The way I showed her how.

Perhaps the stooping hurt her,
Her face grew very red,
And presently she raised herself
And quite indignant said:
"When I have worked to suit you,
And you've nothing else to teach,
Perhaps you'll do your garden,
And practise what you preach.

"The weeds in it are awful,
And not a seed is sown;
Don't come and quiz my garden
Before you've done your own"
And then she stood and waited
Till I went out of sight;
And the worst is I am thinking
Perhaps Matilda's right.

LILY OAKLEY.

—Australasian.

Theodore's Bunch of Keys.

Mother had lost the key of her trunk and was trying to find a new one to fit the lock. Theodore stood by, watching her as she tried different keys in turn, until finally one was found that opened it like magic.

Soon after, Theodore was trying to button his coat in a great hurry to go out to play. But the top button seemed hard to fasten, and though he tugged, fretted, and pulled, he could not manage it. 'You haven't tried the right key, Theodore,' said mother.

'Why, what key could work this?' exclaimed the little boy, stopping in surprise.

'Suppose you try how the "Patience" key would work there,' suggested mother.

And, sure enough, with just a little quiet patience the button was fastened.

Later in the afternoon Theodore came running in again, looking quite vexed. He hardly liked to tell mother the trouble, but at last it came out that he and some of the other boys had disagreed over what they should play.

Mother was quiet for a little while, then she said thoughtfully, 'I wonder how the "Unselfish" key would work there.'

Theodore was puzzled for a moment, and then a bright look of understanding came into his face, and with a smile he went out to play again.

Before bedtime Theodore found another chance to try the magic powers of one of mother's useful 'keys.' It was just about his little brother Ted's sleepy time, and the wee man was inclined to be rather cross and unreasonable. But Theodore remembered what a small boy Ted was and didn't answer him back. So, as it always takes 'two to make a quarrel,' of course there could not be one that time.

When nurse came in to carry Ted off to bed mother said softly to Theodore, 'The Key of "Silence" was useful that time, wasn't it, dear? You will soon have quite a bunch of keys to carry with you, son, and you will often find them useful.'—Jewels.

Sunshine and Rain.

'Oh, dear! I do wish it would stop raining,' sighed Eloise, fretfully.

'And so do I,' echoed wee Eunice and Bert, just as gloomily.

The three children were standing at the nursery window, watching the rain splashing into little puddles outside, and beating against the windowpane. There was to have been a picnic that afternoon, and now the rain had come and spoiled it all.

'Well, bairnies!' called mother cheerfully, opening the door just then. 'This looks like the thirsty ground's and flowers' picnic to-day instead of ours, doesn't it! Oh, well, we've only given them the first chance, and ours will come some other day soon,' she added, going over to join the disappointed-looking group.

'O mamma, just see the dear little birdie all wet with the rain,' suddenly cried Bert, pointing to a little brown song-sparrow sitting on a blossoming branch of apple tree outside the window, and singing clearly and joyfully.

'Yes, dear,' said mother, 'he is singing so hard that I'm sure he forgets all about the rain.'

'He almost makes us forget it too, and want to help him sing,' laughed Eunice.

'Well, dear, I wonder if birdies in a nursery shouldn't be just as brave and cheery when disappointments come, as birdies in a nest?' said mother gravely.

The children watched the brave

little songster thoughtfully for a few moments longer.

Then Eloise looked at mother with a smile, and suggested that they all go and cut out pictures to paste in their scrap album.

So the three settled cheerily down to work, and the time passed so pleasantly that they forgot all about the rain, and dinner-time came before they had begun to get tired.

'I wonder if the birdie has gone yet,' Eloise exclaimed at the dinner-table. 'If he isn't,' she said soberly, 'I think we ought to thank him for his good example, and tell him that we tried the singing in the rain this morning too.' — Isobel E. Nichol.

When Mamma Grows Little And I Grow Big.

(By Jeannette M'Millan, in 'Christian Intelligencer.')

Dear little, sweet little, Barbara Dunn,
Sat on the stile at the set of the sun,
Sat on the stile and swung her feet,
Sang as she sat, putting dolly to sleep,
Dear little Barbara Dunn.

'Dolly,' said dear little Barbara Dunn,
'When I am grown up, mamma will be young,
This is the way I am sure it will be,
When I get so big, she'll be little like me,'
Wise little Barbara Dunn.

'But dolly,' said sweet little Barbara Dunn,
'I never shall be too grown up for fun,
I'll love you and dress you and keep you alway,
And mamma when she's good shall hold you and play.'
Sweet little Barbara Dunn.

God Says We Mustn't.

As a mother sat reading to her three children she came to a story of a naughty boy who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading a part of the story, she made a pause, according to her usual practice, to put a few questions. 'William,' she said, 'why ought we not to steal apples and pears?'

'Oh,' replied William, 'because they do not belong to us.'

'And what do you say, Robert?'

'I say because, if they caught us, they would send us to prison.'

'And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?'

'Because,' said little Mary, looking meekly up at her mother, 'because God says we mustn't.'

'Right, love,' said her mother. 'What God commands, we are bound to do; and what He forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are His words. If ever you are asked why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as the one you have given me: "Because God says we mustn't." "—'Early Days.'

The Lost Hour.

'Coax your auntie to let you stay at home this time,' urged Frank, as he sat in the sand'pile with Lester. 'Sunday school is only one hour, anyway, so it doesn't matter for once. You might stay with me It's awful lonesome alone.'

'I haven't missed a Sunday yet,' said Lester, thinking of Miss Ethel and all the boys and girls. 'I know my Golden Text and everything.'

'Well, then, it don't make any difference whether you go or not,' said the little boy. 'Your auntie will let you stay if you just ask her.'

'Want to stay at home from Sunday-school?' said Auntie Belle when Lester asked her. 'Why, isn't this a sudden notion? You told me you hadn't missed a day. I am afraid your mamma won't like it.'

But both boys coaxed until she said Lester might stay with his friend. Mamma had been called away suddenly on Saturday evening, so Aunt Belle came over to stay with Lester and little Nell until mamma and papa came home.

'I guess you didn't go to Sunday school yesterday, did you Lester?' asked old Mrs. Brown. 'I missed my paper and have been lonesome for it ever since.'

No—I—that is, I stayed at home with Frank,' said Lester, remembering that he always brought a Sunday school paper to the dear old lady who could not go herself. 'I'm sorry about the paper.'

'So am I, but it isn't often you miss,' said Mrs. Brown. 'Next Sunday you'll bring me one, I'm sure.'

'I missed you last Sunday, Lester,' said Miss Ethel, meeting him on the street as he was going to the store for mamma. 'I was just on my way to see if you were sick, for you are one of my most faithful scholars.'

'I wish I hadn't stayed at home,' thought Lester, as he hurried on after seeing Miss Ethel's grieved look. 'I guess it don't pay to lose even one Sunday.'

And when the end of the year came, what do you suppose happened? Why, the minister read a list of names of the boys and girls who had not been absent a single Sunday from Sunday school, and gave them nice books for prizes. There were little boys and big boys, little girls and big girls, and some grown people, but Lester's name was not among them.'

'For just one hour that day, mamma, I missed a prize,' said Lester, when he told his mamma all about it. 'And that isn't all, either. All the time I wanted to be in Sunday school. I'm going to do better next year.'—'Ram's Horn.'

Best Of All.

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little book,
In passing you hardly would give it one look.
But the children all loved it, 'Because,' they all cried,
'Tis full of nice stories—'tis lovely inside!'

'Twas a brown little, plain little, thin little girl,
Her nose was a failure, her hair wouldn't curl;
But the children all loved her, 'Because,' they all cried,
She's so kind and so bright and so lovely inside!'
—Minnie Leona Upton.

Correspondence

L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger,' which I hope to see in print. I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and like it very much. At home they call me a book-worm, because I read so much. At one time they used to call our house 'Johnny-Cake Cottage,' on account of the johnny-cakes my grandmother used to make. Grandma owned a farm once which they called 'Lotus Grove.' Grandma sold the farm, but we planted a lot of Lotus trees around home. My father has a lot of chickens. We did have a horse called Topsy, but we sold her, and papa is going to get me a pony. I think the answer to Sarah Paul's puzzle is a candle.

FRANCES E. BOOTH.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl nine years old. My father is a farmer, and we have seven horses, twenty-one cows, eighty hens, sixteen pigs, three small calves, and three white ducks. We live about a mile from the school, which is near the lake, so we call the school Lake View. I am in the junior third reader. I got in at Christmas. I have not read many books, but I have read 'Black Beauty,' 'Magpie's Nest,' 'The Old Castle,' 'Adventures in India.'

ANNIE L. PERRIN.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old. My birthday is on the 18th of June. I passed the entrance examination last summer. I am very fond of reading, and have read a number of books, some of which are 'Evangeline,' 'A Christmas Carol,' 'Birds and Bees,' 'Among the Forest Trees,' and others. 'Among the Forest Trees' is my favorite book.

BEATRICE McC.

U., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to your paper. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and especially the girls' and boys' page. This is a pretty short letter, but next time I'll do better. I have seen lots of riddles, but can't answer any of them. I am going to give you a riddle: What would six cords of kindling wood come to at five dollars a cord?

ALFRED JAMES DUKES.

P.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I have two brothers and four sisters. I go to school every day, and I am in the fifth reader. There are not very many going to our school. I have only one grandma. I am ten years old; my birthday is on October the eleventh. We have three horses and nine cows. I have a pet calf, a cat, and a dog. Our dog's name is Frisk, and my calf's name is Dot. I have read a few books, some of which are 'Aleck Green,' 'The Rambling of the three children,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and others. I like the 'Pilgrim's Progress' the best.

I go to Sunday School nearly every Sunday.

JULIA C. (11).

C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for over a year, and I think it is a nice little paper. The answer to Clare Anthony's puzzle is 'To get to the top.' The answer to Amy Froat's puzzle is 'The dog walked up, and his name was Yet.' The answer to Sarah Paul's puzzle is 'A Candle.' I have twenty trees, which were tapped this spring. I tapped two for my cousin 'Tena.'

G. BLISS BEAUMONT (11).

A. C., Que.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, and I'm in the third reader. I have a little sister, her name is Violet, and she is very playful. She is four years old. We are having nice weather, and it is very warm. The roads are very good.

PEARL S. (10).

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and enjoy reading it very much. I have read these books: 'Almost a Hero,' 'Adora,' 'Snow White and Rose Red,' and a number of others. I am sending a riddle.

What goes with the train, stops when it stops, but is of no use to the train?

MAY BOYD.

B. V., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have read with interest the letters written by boys and girls, and as I have never written before, I will try my luck now. Like the rest of the members I go to school, and I have twelve studies. My teacher's name is Mr. N. I live on a farm in Baddeck Valley. This is a very prety place; there are mountains on the east and west of us. They are not very large. I am very fond of reading, and have read quite a number of books. My favorite author is Miss Wilson. I have one brother, and two sisters, all younger than myself. Their names are Joseph, Hazel, and Annie.

I think the answer to C. E. Rattee's riddle is a needle and thread, and to Jessie Carroll's, a sifter, and to May Brackenridge: A blind beggar had a brother; this brother died. What relation was the beggar to the brother.?) Ans. A sister.

Here is one. See how many can make it out.

Flower of England,
Fruit of Spain,
All met together
In a shower of rain.
Put in a bag,
Tied with a string,
If you'l tell me this riddle,
I'll show you a ring.

LOUISE McIVER (14).

M., Man.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I get it regularly, and I am very fond of reading the Correspondence. I am 12 years old, and I am in the fourth book.

The answer to Ella Dawson's question is the 37th chapter of Isaiah, the first verse, and the 19th chapter of the second book of Kings, the first verse. The answer to D. Johnson's question is 466,227 times the word 'and' is in the Bible.

ESSIE GERRY.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Robin Redbreast.' Violet Smith, M., Que.
2. 'A little girl.' Margaret Baillie, A., B. C.
3. 'A hawk.' Woodruff Lowrey, S.D., Ont.
4. 'House.' Mildred H. Leach, T., P.E.I.
5. 'Two pigs.' Maggie Lett, D., Que.
6. 'A dream of Santa Claus.' Ruby Smith, V., B. C.
7. 'My new coat.' Vera Jinks, B., Ont.
8. 'My dressing sack.' Nina Stewart, B., Ont.
9. 'Helen K. and her dog.' Myrtle M. Snyder, S., N.B.
10. 'Scene on a railroad.' E. Clark, H., Ont.
11. 'Roses.' Emma Reeson, C. G., Ont.
12. 'Sleeping beauty.' Addie Germotte, G. B., Ont.
13. 'A friend.' Margaret McQuiston, G., Scotland.

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountian Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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LESSON V.—JULY 29, 1906.

Jesus Dines With a Pharisee.

Luke xiv., 1-14.

Golden Text.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.—Luke xiv., 11.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 23.—Luke xiv., 1-14.
Tuesday, July 24.—Luke xi., 37-54.
Wednesday, July 25.—John ii., 1-11.
Thursday, July 26.—Luke v., 27-39.
Friday, July 27.—Luke xix., 1-10.
Saturday, July 28.—Matt. xi., 16-34.
Sunday, July 29.—Acts xi., 1-18.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

Asceticism finds no encouragement in the example of Jesus. Sociability was a conspicuous trait in His character. It gave a handle to His enemies, who described Him as a wine-bibber and gluttonous. He is not known to have ever declined a social invitation. If bidden to banquet or wedding, He went. Nor was He a spectral figure. He marred no festivity with melancholy air or disapproving frown. He filled well the function of guest, adorning and beautifying with His presence and miracles the amenities of life.

A foremost Pharisee, about to give a lordly banquet, covets, as an ornament of the occasion, the grace of Jesus' presence. He will fain garnish his feast with the young Rabbi's novel and superb table-talk.

The vestibule of the Pharisee's chateau is the scene of a miracle of deed, as the banquet—hall afterward echoes to a miracle of word. An unfortunate creature lies there, his skin distended to the point of rupture by the watery collection beneath it. Jesus screens not His eyes to a disgusting sight, which would spoil the appetite of the average voluptuary. He tosses no small coin to the sufferer, as other guests are doing. But before He can bestow that gift which will be of more value than silver and gold, He must forestall the deadly criticism of the Pharisees, which He knew to be lying in wait for him. It is not necessary to suppose, as some do, that the sick man had been placed in Jesus' way with a malicious purpose. He was there, and the critics of the Master saw their opportunity. They seem to have Him 'coming and going'; for it was a desperately bad case, and He might ignominiously fail of a cure; and if He succeeded, He would, in his very success, have flagrantly violated the Sabbath.

Jesus manfully takes the Sabbath-desecration horn of the dilemma; for He intends to heal the sick man. He springs His snare in His categorical questions, 'Is it allowable to work a cure on the Sabbath-day, or not?' Actions speak louder than words. Jesus answers His own question by an instantaneous and complete cure of the sick man. After this benevolent parenthesis He clinches the nail which He had driven in His first question by asking another: 'Which of you shall have an ass or an ox fallen into a pit, and will not straightway pull him out on a Sabbath-day?' Amid ominous silence the prescribed ablutions are attended to, the festive cloak from the host's wardrobe is thrown about each guest, and at length the banquet-hall is reached.

Now is witnessed the disgraceful scramble for place at table, as for the chief seats on the synagogue. Although a concrete act is specified, reference is in fact to the subjective state of which the act is a true expression. The doing of the deed (for example the taking of the lowest place at table) without the appropriate subjective state would either be destitute of significance or it would be an instance of hypocrisy. The outward manner is the expression of an inward condition.

Jesus' words may also be understood as picturing in an ironical way Pride's defeat of itself. Then, too, he may be placing a premium upon a prudential course of conduct when even though the motive is not the highest, a species of self-control is developed which may finally contribute to the evolution of a truly noble character.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Sociability a trait of Jesus.
   Asceticism no support in Him.
   Declined no invitation.
   No spectral figure either.
   Filled well the function of guest.
2. Specific Instance.
   Guest of a Pharisee who covets His table talk.
3. Miracle in the vestibule.
   Jesus does not avoid the sufferer.
   Does not toss a small coin.
   Determines to heal.
4. Criticism forestalled.
   'Is it allowable to work a cure on the Sabbath?'
   Answers His question by curing.
   If ox or ass—how much more a man?
5. The competition for place deprecated.
   A word to guests—
   And hosts.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Eyes of Jesus were alert for physical sufferers. None escaped His sympathetic glance, few His healing power. Entering with the happy party to the high social function, He saw and paused and helped the unfortunate. How sweet to believe with our dear Quaker bard, Whittier:

'Warm, sweet, tender, yet
A present help is He;
And Love has still its Olivet,
And Faith its Galilee.
The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our bed of pain.
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.'

* * * *

The irrational literalism of the Pharisee never had a more complete expose than in that chief of Pharisees' vestibule. Because the ass and the ox are expressly mentioned in the law, and man is not, therefore the former can be extricated from trouble on the Sabbath, while the latter can not be. Jesus, of set purpose, publicly and repeatedly crushed the hollow shell of the Pharisaic Sabbath, but He never broke the golden thread of that Sabbath which God made for man.

* * * *

An unseemly scramble for precedence may yet be seen in social life. Who shall be first? Who shall sit at the captain's table on shipboard? Who is 'the first lady in the land?' What trifles for those who are seeking the evolution of the largest life possible in this world, and are consciously steering for worlds eternal!

* * * *

Jesus took the occasion to put forth a parable 'teaching humility,' the moral of which is that he who exalts himself is abased, and vice versa,—a truth perpetually exemplified and confirmed in current history.

* * * *

Religion needs extension to the whole man—body, as well as soul and spirit. The Infinite Father wills His children to be whole, hale, hearty. There is no virtue in pallidity. A popular health magazine bears the motto, 'Weakness a Crime; don't be a criminal.' A pure soul in tune with God can pour healing and vivifying streams upon the body, part of which it is, and receive in turn and kind from the body. It is time to discard the poetical platitude that the body is a shack of a tenement to be quit with joy. Such a notion of God's handiwork is irreverent.

* * * *

Jesus gave the sick man health. Better than silver and gold, He put him in the way of independently making his own living.—always the best form of charity. A boy toiling with his press, and failing to get a fair impression, called a printer-friend to his aid, who said: 'Your types need to be 'justified.'' They need to be put on their feet.' Peter and John set the lame man on his feet, and that was better than a lapful of gold.

* * * *

To the host of the hour Jesus propounded the duty of disinterested munificence toward the poor and afflicted. No other form of hospitality is so thoroughly divested of the element of self-interest.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 29.—Topic—Gardiner, and missions to Latin America. II. Cor. xi., 23-30.

Junior C. E. Topic.

GOD'S RAVENS.

Monday, July 23.—God made the birds, Gen. i., 20-22.

Tuesday, July 24.—God feeds the birds. Matt. vi., 26.

Wednesday, July 25.—They are God's birds. Ps. i., 10, 11.

Thursday, July 26.—Lessons from birds. Job. xii., 7-10.

Friday, July 27.— Songs among the branches. Ps. civ., 12.

Saturday, July 28.—The raven messengers. I. Kings xvii., 1-4.

Sunday, July 29.—Topic —God's ravens, I. Kings xvii., 5, 6; Luke xii., 24 . (Band of Mercy meeting).

One Danger.

This is not an imaginary one. It is the danger of becoming stereotyped. Here and there a school is enlarging and applying better methods, but too many are satisfied and go on in the same way in which they began a quarter or half century ago. There is too much dry rot. Modern in everything but the work of the Lord. What a field for real, practical work the Sunday school affords. Look at some of them: Sunday school missionary work, Sunday school giving and Sunday school education embraced as they are in our modern organizations under such titles as Home Department, Cradle-Roll, House-to-House Visitation, Decision Day, Teachers' meetings, Normal Classes and Institutes. We have not yet begun to get hold of and use our real sources of power and effectiveness.—'S. S. Teacher.'

Teach Jesus Christ.

In all your teaching honor the Holy Spirit, and make much of Christ, for this is what you are teaching for. Teach the Lord Jesus Christ, who abounds in every page of the Bible, and for whom your class is hungering and thirsting. There is not a scholar in your class who is not longing for more of Christ, and more of the Holy Spirit, and they will all hail you with joy, if you can show them Christ, their elder Brother, and the Holy Spirit, their daily Companion. That is just what God has given you your class for; not to teach geography nor history, but to bring Christ out of every verse in the Scripture for them, so that each one at the close of the lesson will say:—'I am so glad that I came here to-day; Christ is my Saviour, and I have life through His blood.'

Never be satisfied with your teaching. Be filled with the determination to succeed. Teach them so that every member will have something new every Sunday. God says, 'I have set thee a watchman,' and a watchman never sleeps. Through every day of the week let class be always on your mind, and give every minute of leisure to it. Talent is work, nothing but work, easier to some than to others, but still nothing but work. —'Presbyterian.'

Temperance

'The Man Behind' the Bar.

They talk of the man behind the gun
And the deadly work that he has done;
But much more deadly work, by war,
Is done by the fellow behind the bar.

They talk of the man behind the gun—
But only in battle his work is done;
But never ceases, in peace or war,
The work of the man behind the bar.

Capturing Drunkards.

A novel method by which the Salvation Army deal with drunkards in Germany is described in the 'War Cry.'

At the manufacturing town of Mulheim, near Cologne, there is a residue of drunkards whose condition has been a source of much concern to the Salvation Army officer in-charge. This officer, noticing the helpless condition of many of the drink-slaves in his district, formed a brigade of volunteers, equipped them with leggings and lanterns, and set them to find the drunkards in the gutters, cellars, and other places.

The German drunkard, however, is a dead weight, and the Salvationists found their task of bringing their captures home to be a very exhausting one. Accordingly they devised a net, strong but light, in which to carry their 'captures.'

Night after night the pickets' parade carry the men away in their nets; the married men to their homes, the single men to the Salvation Army workshop. The drunken man is put to bed, and after he has had a good sleep he is given a strong cup of coffee, and then is talked to plainly, and if he is workless work is given him.

Drinking Tears.

In several places in the Psalms, the metaphor is used of the beverage of tears, but how often in real life is the custom of drinking the tears of their wives and children fulfilled in the lives of intemperate husbands and fathers. In 1885 in Arkansas, this scene was enacted.

Josh Speeler, an old toper of long standing and capacity, on being invited by some of his boon companions to 'take a drink,' replied, 'Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do.' The boys were surprised.

'The idea,' said one of them, 'that you should prescribe for us. Perhaps you want us to drink one of your mixtures. You are a boss mixer and I won't agree to it.'

'Perhaps he wants to run some castor oil in on us,' said another.

'No. I'm square. "Honor bright." Take my drink, boys, and I am with you.'

They agreed and ranged themselves along the bar. All looked at Speeler.

'Mr. Bartender,' said he, 'give me a glass of water.'

'What? W-a-t-e-r?'

'Yes, water. It's a new drink to me, boys, I admit, and it's a scarce article around here, I expect. But let me tell you about it. A few days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine share of whiskey along and had a glorious time. Long towards evening, I got powerful drunk and crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey and came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they left me out there drunk and told it around the town with a big laugh. My son got hold of the report and told it at home.

'I lay under that tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sot right thar side o' me. She said nothin' when I woke up, but turned her head away and I could see was a-cryin'.

'"I wish I had suthin' to drink," says I. Then she took a cup wot she had fetched with her and went to a spring that was near and fetched it full. Just as she was handin' it to me she leant over to hide her eyes and I saw a tear drop inter the cup. I tuk the cup and drank, and raisin' my hands to Heaven, I vowed, God helpin' me, I'd never drink my wife's tears again as I had been doin' for the last twenty years, and that I was goin 'to stop. You boys know who it was that left me. You all was in the gang. Give me another glass of water, Mr. Bartender.'—'Union Signal.'

The Secret of Separation.

A traveller in Scotland once found in a fisherman's hut a striking picture of the Saviour. 'How did you obtain possession of this picture?' he asked the owner. He replied, 'I was 'way down with the drink, when one night I went into a "public," and there hung His picture. I was sober, and I said to the bar-tender: "Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour." I gave him all the money I had and took it home. Then as I looked at it, the words of my mother came to me. I dropped on my knees and cried, "O. Lord Jesus, pick me up again out of my sin."' The prayer was answered, and to-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. A look of exultation came over his face as he answered, 'When the heart is opened to the Saviour, He takes the love of drink out of it.'—'Living Truths.'

Too True.

'I'll knock your brains out,' retorted the publican to the workman, 'if you ask me to let you have beer on trust.' 'Oh, you're too late,' was the reply; 'if I had any brains, I shouldn't be here.'—'Temperance Leader.'

A Methodist preacher was arrested in Helsingfors, Finland, for street preaching. On being brought before the magistrate and asked what defence he had, he took out his Methodist Discipline, and began to read the General Rules. The judge asked for the book, kept it over night, read it, and said to the preacher the next day: 'Go ahead and preach all of this you want to. I wish we had hundreds more like you.'

The Fate of a Barmaid.

Another of those infinitely sad cases was recently reported of a poor barmaid being driven to irretrievable ruin. The woman in question had reached the age of thirty-five, and began to find a difficulty in getting employment. After being out of work for some time, she succeeded in getting a situation. When she had been there a fortnight, however, her employer charged her with intemperance, and desired her to leave at once. An hour or two later she was found dead, having hanged herself in a cupboard in the house.

What About the Revenue?

Some people say the saloons pay the revenue, and so save the people immense amounts of money. What generous fellows saloon keepers are, to be sure! They drain the pockets of the people, mostly the poorer classes, then from their immense profits they turn a small share over to the Government. Who pays the revenue after all?—'Indiana Patriot-Phalanx.'

European Railways.

'For some years Otto de Terra, the director of the State railways in Germany, has tried to band together all its employees in a total abstinence league. With this object he founded the Total Abstinence League for the employees and workmen of German railways. He distributed circulars to all . . . asking them to become members. De Terra follows out his plan with a vigor and perseverance truly admirable.'

HOUSEHOLD.

The Agreeable Guest.

Decides firstly whether or not she can accept the proffered invitation, and after accepting on no account throws it lightly aside in favor of some more tempting prospect. To modify or break social engagements according to moods and caprices is extremely bad form and an indication of selfish disregard for the convenience of others. Before going she has a definite understanding as to when she will arrive and how long the visit will last.

In case of a protracted visit, where the guest fits into the family life even more than a briefer stay, she observes carefully all the conventionalities, often effacing herself and withdrawing from the household that they may have their privacy. In the shortest visit a guest does well occasionally to remain by herself that the family may arrange their own occupations or carry on their talk without intrusion.

The agreeable guest arrives promptly by the train set and sends her luggage to the house by the express agent who passes through the train; unless she knows her friend will have a carriage in waiting. Once within her friend's doors she keeps her room in neatness, availing herself of the closet-room and drawers placed at her disposal.

She does not strew the house with her possessions, but confines the latter to that part of the house which is hers temporarily to use and not abuse. Some hostesses attach to the calendar in the guest's room a card with the hours of rising, meals, arrival and departure of trains, mail times and other convenient pieces of information.

Informed of the family routine, the hours for prayers and meals, the guest is never tardy. She does not irritate the punctual man of the house by keeping breakfast back, nor is she so early that her hostess is chagrined to learn that her visitor has been hungrily awaiting breakfast for half an hour. The agreeable guest takes an interest in and praises the children of the house. She likes to hear their recitations, their latest achievements on the piano or violin. She tells them stories or sings for them. She is invariably courteous to the servants, recognizing with thanks their efforts in her behalf, and on her departure making a graceful gift or a tip.

If there are few servants or none, she takes care to wait on herself and to lighten her hostess' duties by timely assistance. Be deaf, blind and eternally dumb to any small friction or argument or anything whatever unpleasant that may come to her regarding her friends' household. Nothing too strong can be said on the subject of gossip about one's host or hostess.

The agreeable guest does not allow her hosts to go to needless expense in her behalf and always shows a readiness to pay her carfare, cabhire, and other small expenses, but if her hosts insist on settling these for her she yields without discussion. At the close of her visit she makes every sincere assurance of her pleasure, and sends back a prompt notification of safe arrival home.—Chicago 'Tribune.'

How to Injure Them.

(E. D. Potts, in the 'Woman's Home Journal.')

What is it that makes many children liars and thieves? They are trained to be so by the unconscious fingers that point the way. The mother promises anything, everything, to keep peace and avoid a combat with the little creature, who even now is beyond her control. She does not fulfill these promises, and the child becomes her judge. Never tell a lie to a child, or in any way deceive him, if you would hope to get the proper influence. Do not rob him of the happiness of supreme trust in you. It will cling to him through life.

Nor should his meddlesome fingers be permitted to wander at will in your top drawer or jewel-box, or any receptacle for tempting knickknacks. He may, by and by,

pilfer some bright thing that he wants, and hide it lest you take it from him. I have seen this sort of thing crop out in a big boy, left to roam at will in his father's store with the same freedom he was wont to handle mamma's treasures. Next came the money-drawer, and so on in business after awhile. 'Oh! but,' you say, 'my boy could never be a thief—things like that come by heredity.' I grant you they do; but they sometimes come from bad training. You never deny your boy anything; and when he is older, begin to tighten the reins. Then comes the borrowing of small sums, the running up bills, and the common list of extravagances which he has not the will-power to resist.

The highest sense of honor is implanted by lessons of self-denial and self-control. Many a theft or forgery has sprung from the undisciplined heart, rather than from downright propensities for evil.

But the pitfall I began to warn you about in the beginning is the pernicious habit of displaying the accomplishments of your 'smartest baby in the world.' You keep him always performing before an audience, singing his praises in his own ears, and calling attention to him every minute. Fortunately for your 'amour propre,' you will never know what a bore this is to your friends or callers.

I have in mind a little girl who is an only child. She was from earliest babyhood an uncommonly bright, attractive child; and from the first dawnings of her perceptions, no one else in the room could get in a word edgewise. In the midst of a sentence the speaker was nudged or called outright to look or listen, till now, at the age of six, the child is a nuisance to mother and friends. She is utterly unmanageable and wilful, is cross unless the object of attention, and her excited nerves have worn her to a shadow.

There was in her the making of a fine character, but applause and indulgence have ruined her till she is positively eery.

You hear a great deal said about controlling children and bringing them up in the right way, but these teachers rarely remind you where to begin. There is such a thing as crushing the spirit by brute force. This is not training. Make very few points with a little child; steer around the shoals. But the point made, it must be carried. Do not let the baby become a tyrant. Smile and pet and reward him when he is good; but when you are displeased with him, let him see it. When he is naughty, punish him. I am no advocate of whipping after four years old.

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Cedar Chests.

To be strictly truthful, they're mostly pine, being an odd lot of cracker and shoe boxes with covers cleated and hinged on. But they answer my purpose so well, I think it worth telling, says a writer.

First, catch your box, at the grocery or shoe store is a good place to look for it. Go over it, carefully tightening the nails and seeing that all are clenched down tight and smooth; brush them out well, have a dish of flour paste, newspaper and dark rich wall paper. If you have no small hinges for the picked all the laces dry and ironed the heavy, cloth, two inches wide and as long as your cover. Tack one edge of cloth to inside of box at top, the other edge to be tacked to inside of cover, this will form a continuous hinge. Another strip of cloth can be used as a strap or stay to prevent cover from falling too far back.

Now line the box throughout with newspapers, leaving it open to dry the paste out. Cover the outside of box with the wall paper; tack a loop of leather or braid to front of cover to lift by and the box is complete.

In storing garments we lay them in the boxes in long folds, placing here and there a sachet of homegrown lavender, or sheets of blotting paper which have been saturated with cologne water, this to do away with the musty smell which usually clings to anything stored in trunks and boxes. When the box is comfortably full, a single thickness of newspaper is cut the exact size of box, a little paste is brushed over the top edge and the newspaper is carefully fitted to and pressed down on the box; the cover is closed, and we have no fear of Mrs. Moth and her detestable relations.

All Around the House.

Besides making the bed of an invalid as comfortable as possible, special care should be exercised to have it thoroughly aired. The whole bed should be taken to pieces every morning and each piece of bed clothing, as well as the mattress, separately exposed to the action of the air.

An attempt to revive the fashion of canopied bedsteads and bed curstains should be frowned upon. Such appurtenances may be 'artistic,' but they are unhygienic. The folding bed is also inconsistent with the most healthful conditions for sleep, although much can be said in its favor on the ground of economy of space.—'Congregationalist.'

Religious Notes.

Two native Japanese Christian leaders have been invited to visit India, and to speak at five university centres upon Japan's history and ideals.

The extent of the benevolence following the San Francisco disaster is shown by the announcement that the beasts too were remembered, and a special contribution for their benefit was sent by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The Rev. F. E. Clark has been asked to preach in St. Peter's Cathedral, Geneva, on the Convention Sunday. This is the church where Calvin, the great reformer, ministered during his lifetime.

From Shan-si, Mr. August Karlsson sends to 'China's Millions' an interesting account of a Bible-school recently held at Tso-uin, where from fifty to one hundred people gathered together twice daily for several days to receive instructions in the Word of God. Four converts were baptized. One of these came from a place 400 miles distant. He heard the Gospel fourteen years ago, and though he had not since had an opportunity of listening to it until three months ago, when he made this long journey to ob-

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FLAG DEPARTMENT.

tain further instruction, he has during all these years been worshipping God according to the knowledge he possessed. Another was a leader of the Boxers in 1900, and was then very zealous in the execution of his evil designs against the church. 'Now,' Mr. Karlsson writes, 'the Lord has done wonderful things with him.'

For a single copy of Wycliffe Bible the reader of that day paid forty pounds sterling—the equivalent of $200 of our money. To-day we have the perfecting presses turning out the Scriptures in unlimited quantities at prices within the reach of the very poorest. 'If God spare me,' cried Tyndale, 'some day I will make the boy that drives the plow to know more of Scripture than the pope himself.'

A Japanese pastor recently visited his brother, whom he had not seen for a number of years. The pastor with some inward trepidation presented his brother with a New Testament and urged him to study it. The captain laughed, and going to a drawer in his desk he took out a little book which he handed to his brother. It was a New Testament, well worn with reading. Neither knew the other's views on religion.—'The Lutheran.'

Miss Florence Nightingale, who has entered on her 87th year, received scores of congratulations on her birthday. Miss Nightingale, who lives in South Street, Hyde Park, London, England, is very feeble, physically, but her mental alertness remains, and she still interests herself in the Nightingale Nurses' Training Home, erected thirty-five years ago out of the money testimonial raised for her by a grateful nation in recognition of her Crimean War work.

In October next the British National Temperance League proposes to celebrate its jubilee.

Christian Endeavor is making rapid and substantial progress in Brazil, and the native Brazilian Endeavorers are doing what they can to establish societies among the German and other emigrants. Already flourishing societies are formed among the Letts from southern Russia who have gone to Brazil. Many societies have also been formed among the Lettish people in their own land.

At a meeting held recently in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Memorial Fund, Lord Brassey said that when he was Governor of Australia, the sailing master of the Government yacht was an ex-Barnardo boy; and Mr. William Baker told the audience that a girl who was once an inmate of a Barnardo home was now mayoress of a large Canadian city.

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DEAR FRIENDS:—

Through the kindness of our subscribers thousands of strangers to our publications have during the last few days learned of our Diamond Jubilee Year End offers to new subscribers.

But many of our subscribers have not yet realized that plenty of their friends and neighbors will not hear of these special offers or become acquainted with our publications except through the personal introduction of our present subscribers. Nor have all our subscribers realized the benefit they would thus be conferring on their neighbors and friends and on the publishers and on themselves.

Just read our special Diamond Jubilee Year End offers to new subscribers and tell everybody you can about them. Then look to us to fulfil our part, namely, the premium or commission offers therein announced.

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WE ASK YOUR PROMPT CO-OPERATION.

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